

DARE-
DEVIL

15¢
©

66
JULY



DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



MARVEL
COMICS
GROUP

IF I DIE *HERE*..
AND *NOW*--I'LL BE
THE VICTIM OF A
PERFECT CRIME!

MY BODY
WILL BE
HIDDEN
FOR A
MILLION
YEARS!

**TRAPPED
IN THE
TAR PITS
OF DEATH!**

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

...AND ONE CRIED **MURDER!**

"BROTHER BRIMSTONE IS DEAD!
LONG LIVE BROTHER BRIMSTONE!"

EACH PEAL OF THE OLD SPANISH BELL SEEMS TO ECHO THOSE WORDS TO THE HANDFUL OF MOURNERS WHO PASS, UNHEARING, BENEATH IT! BUT ONE MAN HEARS ITS MESSAGE, HIGH ON THE HOT-TILED ROOF...AND SOMETIMES, ONE MAY BE ENOUGH...!

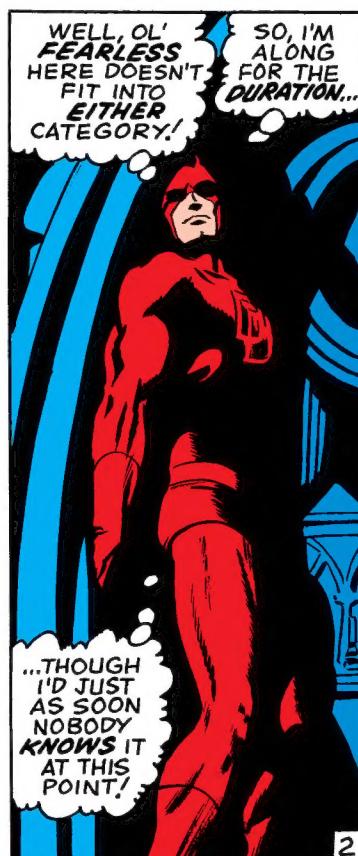
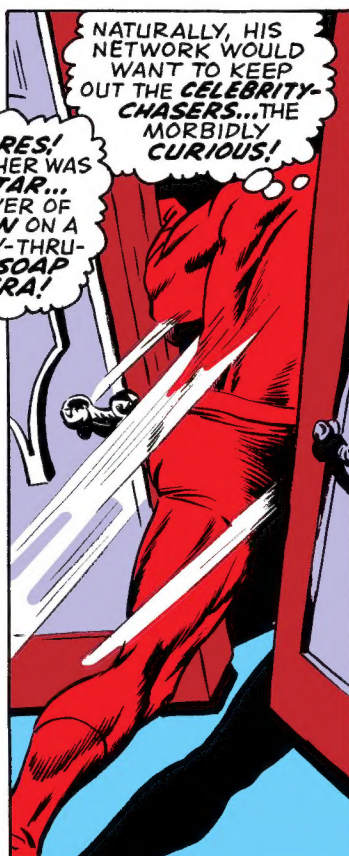
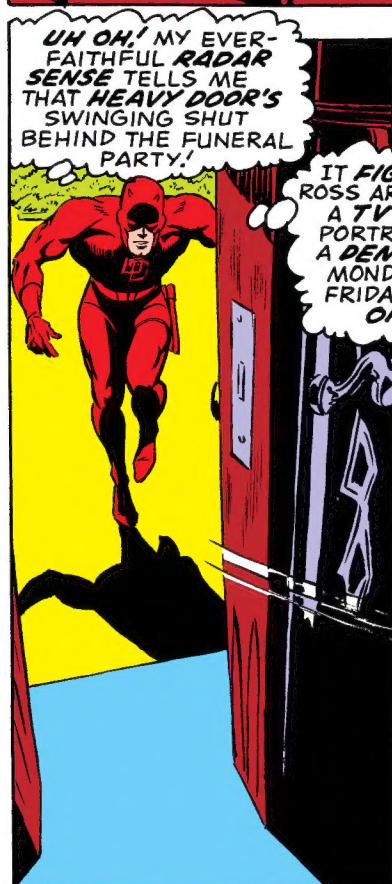
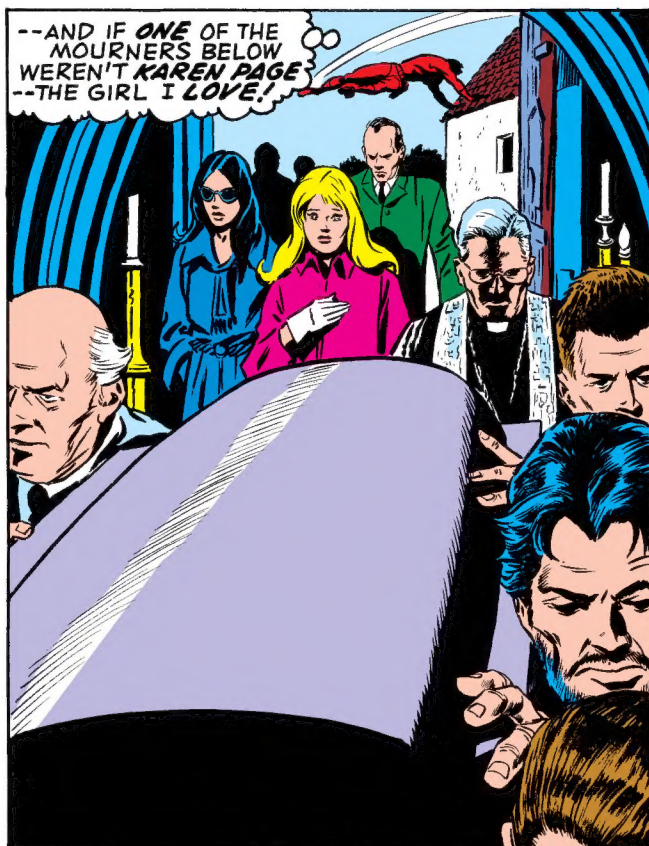
ROSS ARCHER HAS MORE MOURNERS THAN I WOULD HAVE IMAGINED FOR SO HOT-TEMPERED A MAN!

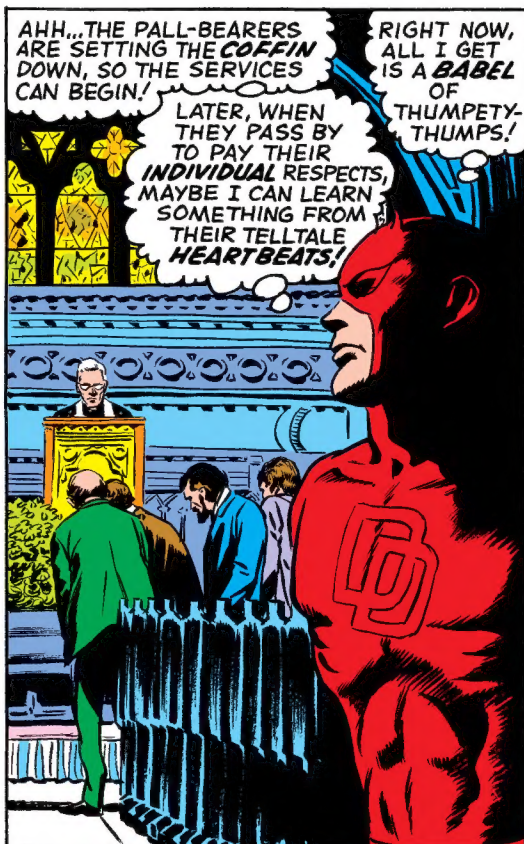
STILL, I SUSPECT THAT A FEW OF THOSE BELOW ARE RELATIVES...MOST OTHERS ARE MERE BUSINESS ASSOCIATES...

...AND ONE, PERHAPS, IS...
HIS MURDERER!!

STAN LEE EDITOR
ROY THOMAS WRITER
SYD SHORES INKER
ARTIE SIMEK LETTERER
GENE COLAN ARTIST

DON'T WORRY, FUNERAL-GAZER! JUST IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN OR MISLAID LAST MONTH'S ISSUE, WE'LL SYNOPSISIZE FOR YOU AS WE HURRY ALONG--!





AHH...THE PALL-BEARERS ARE SETTING THE **COFFIN** DOWN, SO THE SERVICES CAN BEGIN!

LATER, WHEN THEY PASS BY TO PAY THEIR **INDIVIDUAL RESPECTS**, MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING FROM THEIR TELLTALE **HEARTBEATS!**

RIGHT NOW, ALL I GET IS A **BABEL** OF THUMPETY-THUMPS!

BUT THEN, THIS WHOLE **CASE** DOESN'T MAKE MUCH SENSE UP TO THIS POINT! IT SEEMED **CUT-AND-DRIED** AT FIRST GLANCE...

"OF COURSE, I LEARNED ALL THIS AFTER I FIRST SAVED **KAREN** FROM HER MYSTERIOUS **ATTACKER...**"

ROSS ARCHER... TV'S DIABOLICAL **BROTHER BRIMSTONE...** LEARNS THAT HIS ROLE'S BEING KILLED OFF IN AN UPCOMING EPISODE!

SO HE THREATENS VIRTUALLY THE ENTIRE CAST OF "**STRANGE SECRETS**"!



"...AND EVERYTHING LOOKED **OPEN-AND-SHUT** WHEN THAT ALREADY-MURDERED **CORPSE** WAS THROWN FROM THE **STUDIO CATWALK...**"



"EVEN **BRIMSTONE'S FIERCE BLOWS** MERELY CONFIRMED THE RUMORS I HAD HEARD OF **ARCHER'S** PRODIGIOUS **STRENGTH...**"



"BUT, ALMOST BEFORE THOSE **SINISTER FOOTFALLS** HAD FADED FROM MY MEMORY, MY HOUSE OF **CIRCUMSTANTIAL CARDS** **FELL APART...**"

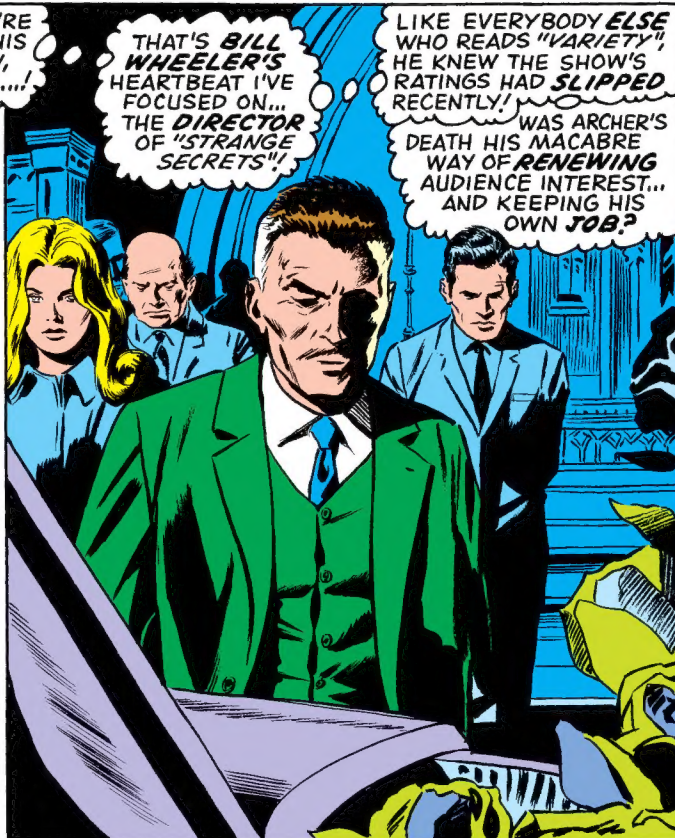
"FOR, THE **BODY** THAT HAD BEEN FLUNG **EARTH-WARD** WAS THAT OF **ROSS ARCHER** HIMSELF... **BROTHER BRIMSTONE!**"



YET, IF IT WASN'T **ARCHER** BEHIND THAT BRIMSTONE MAKEUP, THEN **WHO--AND WHY?**

FROM WHAT KAREN'S TOLD ME, **SEVERAL** OF THE CREW MIGHT HAVE HAD A **MOTIVE!**

WAIT! THEY'RE PASSING BY HIS COFFIN NOW, ONE BY ONE...!



THAT'S **BILL WHEELER'S** HEARTBEAT I'VE FOCUSED ON... THE **DIRECTOR** OF "**STRANGE SECRETS**"!

LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE WHO READS "**VARIETY**", HE KNEW THE SHOW'S RATINGS HAD **SLIPPED** RECENTLY!

WAS ARCHER'S DEATH HIS MACABRE WAY OF **RENEWING** AUDIENCE INTEREST... AND KEEPING HIS OWN **JOB?**



VINCE STERLING! HE PLAYED **GOOD GUY** TO BRIMSTONE'S MORE INTERESTING **VILLAIN!**

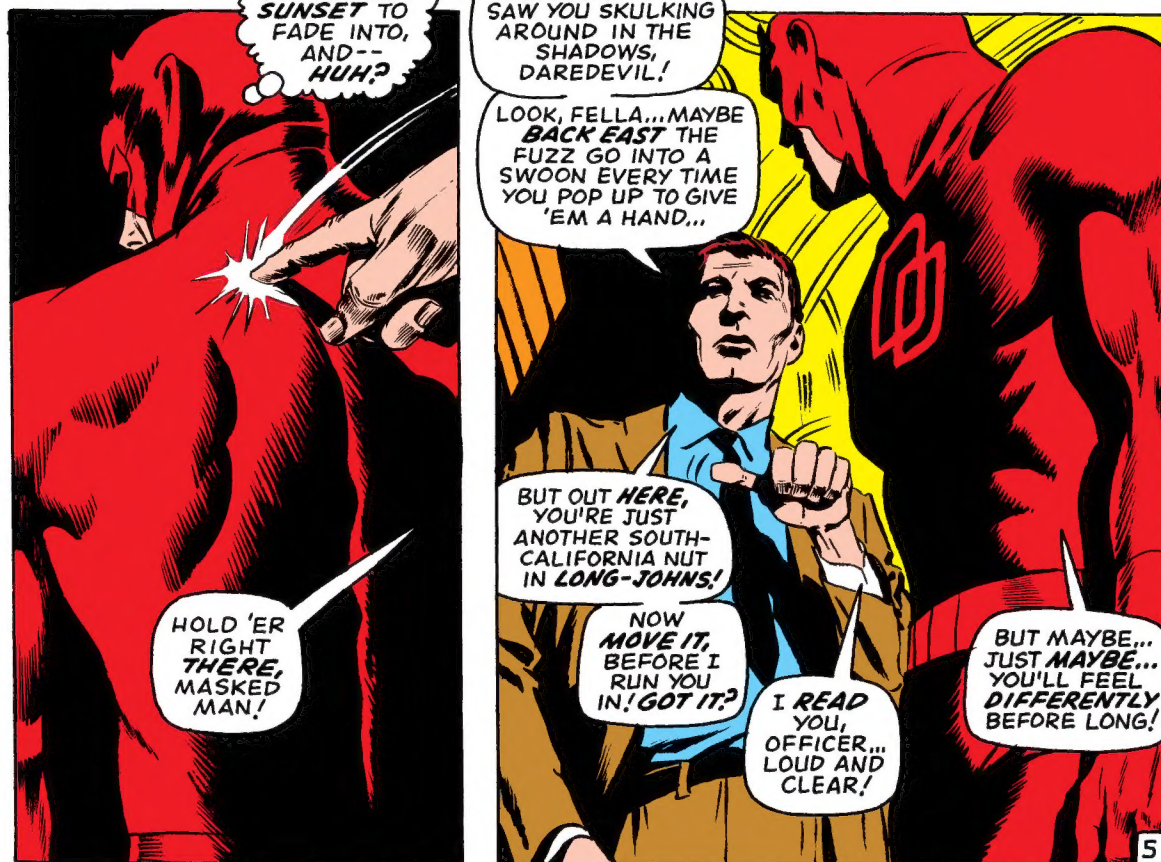
I GUESS HE'LL GET TOP BILLING A BIT **AHEAD** OF SCHEDULE NOW!

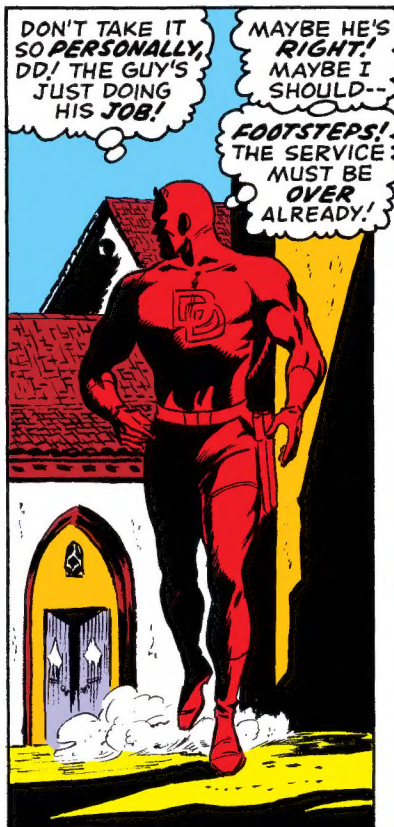


ED LAWSON! THE WRITER-CREATOR OF THE SHOW...WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS ANTAGONISM AND **BAITING** OF ARCHER!

HE HAD A STAKE IN THE SHOW'S CONTINUATION, **TOO...A BIG ONE!**

DID HE DECIDE TO **WRITE OUT** BROTHER BRIMSTONE IN A **DIFFERENT** WAY THAN THE SPONSORS INTENDED?





DON'T TAKE IT SO **PERSONALLY**, DD! THE GUY'S JUST DOING HIS **JOB**!

MAYBE HE'S **RIGHT**! MAYBE I SHOULD--

FOOTSTEPS! THE SERVICE MUST BE **OVER** ALREADY!



TIME FOR MIXED-UP MATTHEW TO DO HIS **VANISHING ACT**!

THWIP!



HMMM... TIMES LIKE THIS, I'M ALMOST GLAD I'M **BLIND**-- AND DEPENDENT ON MY **OTHER** HYPER-DEVELOPED SENSES!

IF I COULD **SEE** KAREN ARM IN ARM WITH VINCE STERLING-- INSTEAD OF JUST HEAR THEIR MINGLED **HEART-BEATS**--

I'D PROBABLY TURN INTO A **GREEN-EYED MONSTER**-- AND I DON'T MEAN THE **HULK**!

IT WAS **GREAT** OF YOU TO COME TO THE FUNERAL, KAREN-- EVEN THOUGH YOU MET ROSS ARCHER ONLY THE DAY BEFORE HE **DIED**!

BUT, LIFE MUST GO ON-- SO WHAT SAY WE SPLIT A **STEAK** BEFORE YOU GO HOME TO MEMORIZE TOMORROW'S **PART**?

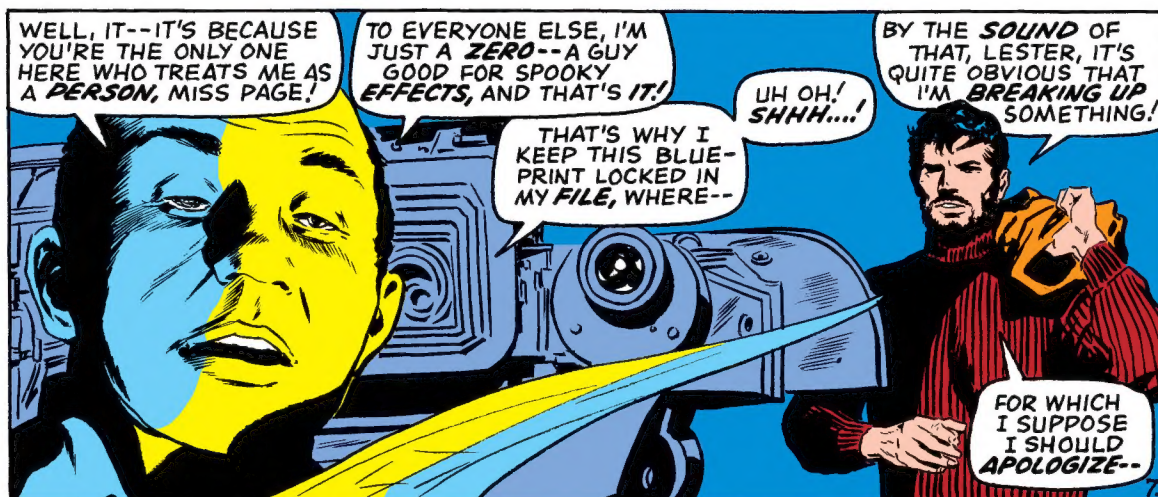
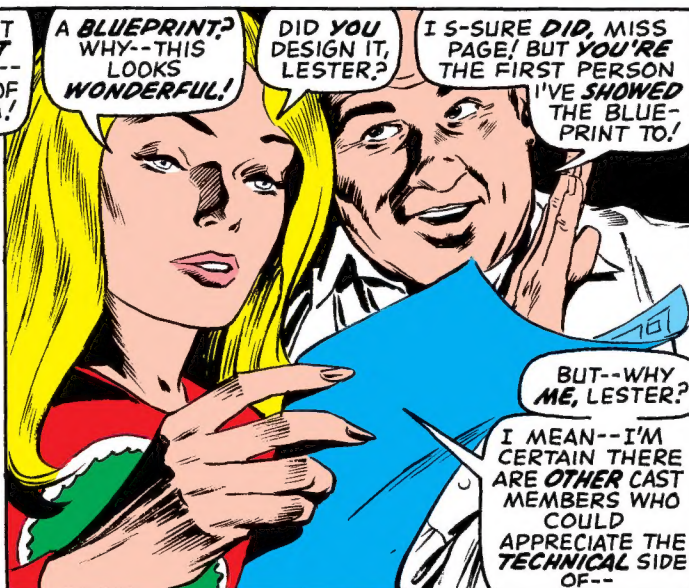
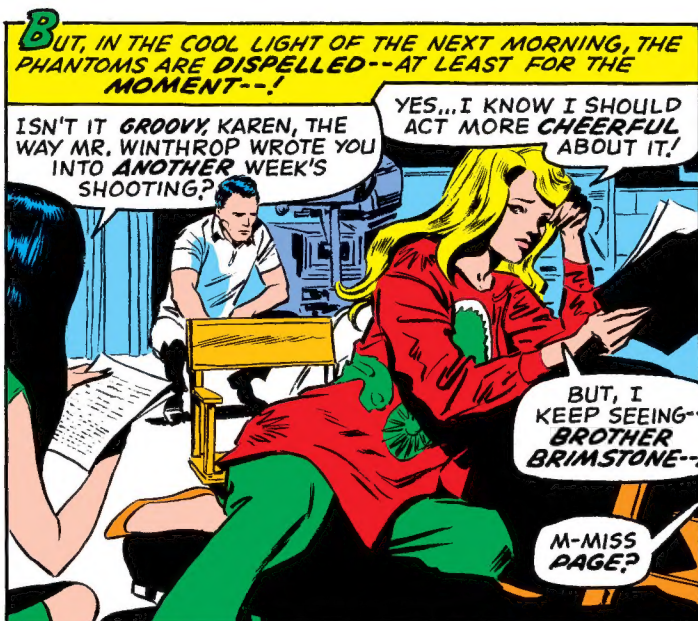
YOU KNOW, MAYBE IT'S MY **BREATH**-- BUT I'VE GOT THE DISTINCT IMPRESSION YOU HAVEN'T HEARD A **WORD** I'VE BEEN SAYING!



I-I'M SORRY, VINCE! I CAN'T HELP REMEMBERING HOW ARCHER PLAYED A **DEMON** WHO WALKED THE EARTH--

--AND HOW HE WAS MURDERED BY A **HUMAN DEVIL**-- IN THAT VERY SAME **GUISE**!

I WONDER-- IF **ANY** OF US ARE **SAFE**-- UNTIL THAT MADMAN IS **FOUND**-- AND **PUT AWAY**--!?



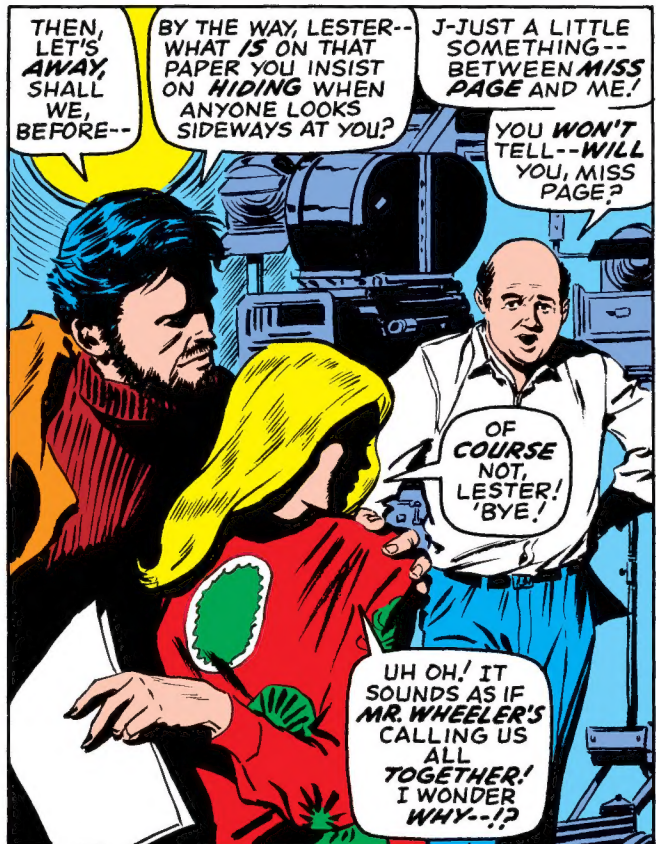


--BUT I DON'T THINK I SHALL!

WE HAVE SOME *LINES* TO REHEARSE TOGETHER, KAREN--OR HAD YOU FORGOTTEN?

OH--OF COURSE! WILL YOU EXCUSE ME, LESTER?

YEAH... SURE!



THEN, LET'S *AWAY*, SHALL WE, BEFORE--

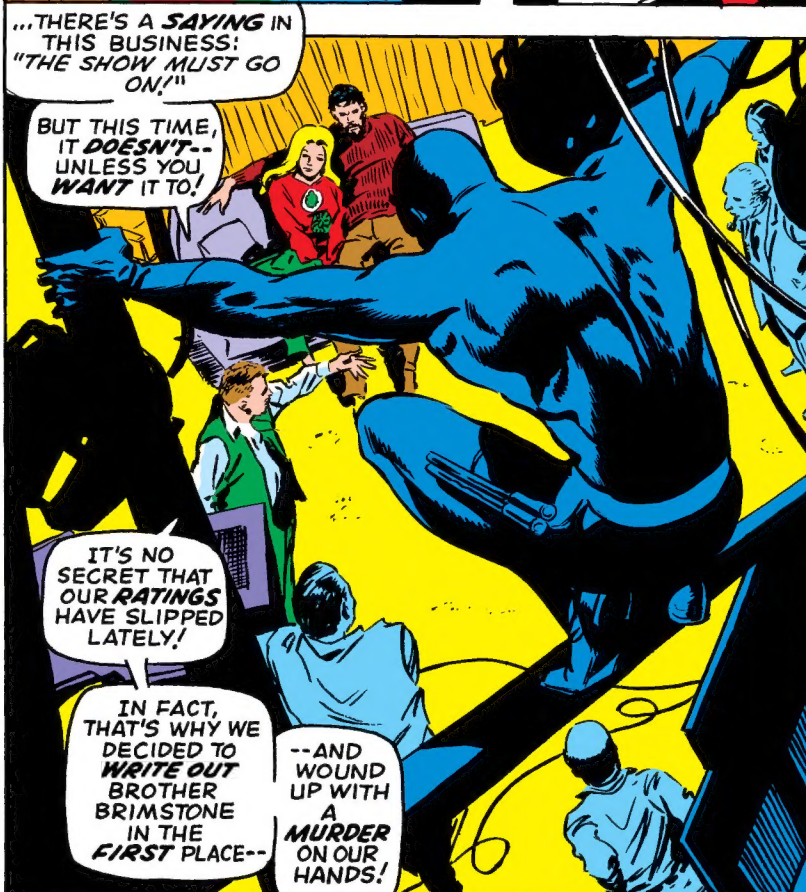
BY THE WAY, LESTER-- WHAT *IS* ON THAT PAPER YOU INSIST ON *HIDING* WHEN ANYONE LOOKS SIDEWAYS AT YOU?

J-JUST A LITTLE SOMETHING-- BETWEEN *MISS PAGE* AND ME!

YOU *WON'T* TELL--*WILL* YOU, *MISS PAGE*?

OF COURSE NOT, LESTER! 'BYE!

UH OH! IT SOUNDS AS IF *MR. WHEELER'S* CALLING US ALL TOGETHER! I WONDER *WHY--!*



...THERE'S A *SAYING* IN THIS BUSINESS: "*THE SHOW MUST GO ON,*"

BUT THIS TIME, IT *DOESN'T*-- UNLESS YOU *WANT* IT TO!

IT'S NO SECRET THAT OUR *RATINGS* HAVE SLIPPED LATELY!

IN FACT, THAT'S WHY WE DECIDED TO *WRITE OUT* BROTHER BRIMSTONE IN THE *FIRST PLACE*--

--AND WOUND UP WITH A *MURDER* ON OUR HANDS!

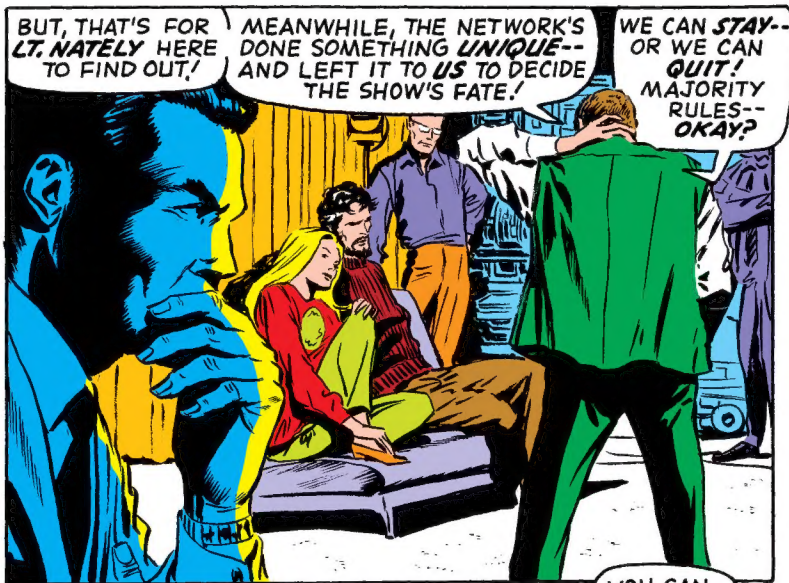


NOW, THE *BRASS* UPSTAIRS KNOW THAT, WHEN WE *START* THE SHOW AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE AN *INSTANT HIT* ON OUR HANDS!

ARCHER'S MURDER MADE *HEADLINES* COAST TO COAST!

BUT HIS *KILLER'S* STILL AT LARGE--

PERHAPS-- WITHIN THE VERY SOUND OF MY VOICE!



BUT, THAT'S FOR
LT. NATELY HERE
TO FIND OUT!

MEANWHILE, THE NETWORK'S
DONE SOMETHING **UNIQUE--**
AND LEFT IT TO **US** TO DECIDE
THE SHOW'S FATE!

WE CAN **STAY--**
OR WE CAN
QUIT!
MAJORITY
RULES--
OKAY?



HMMM...I GUESS I
MUST'VE **EXPLAINED**
MYSELF WITH
UNACCUSTOMED **CLARITY!**
EVEN **LESTER** HAS NO
QUESTIONS!

--THOUGH
MAYBE HE
WOULD HAVE,
IF HE COULD
TAKE HIS
EYES OFF
MISS PAGE
FOR A
MOMENT!

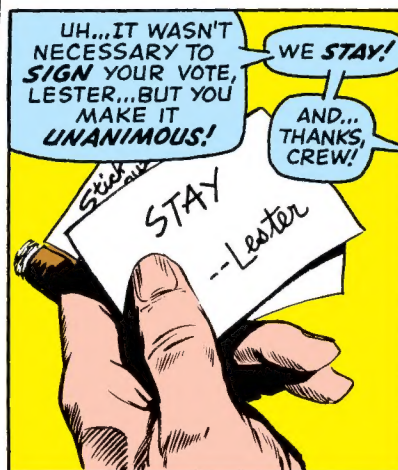


ALL RIGHT,
HERE WE GO!
ONE **MAN--**
ONE **VOTE!**

YOU CAN
HEAR **MY**
VOTE OUT
LOUD!

I WROTE--
AND I
QUOTE--
**"STICK
IT OUT!"**

**HEAR,
HEAR,
STERLING!**



UH...IT WASN'T
NECESSARY TO
SIGN YOUR VOTE,
LESTER...BUT YOU
MAKE IT
UNANIMOUS!

WE STAY!

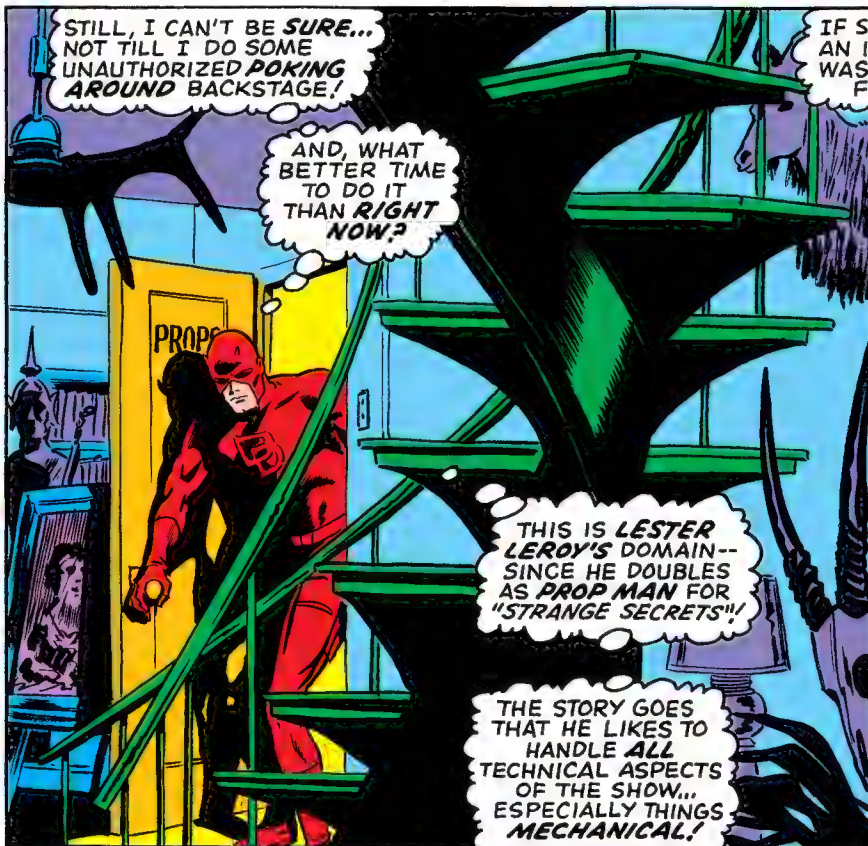
AND...
THANKS,
CREW!



I DON'T NEED **SIGHT**
TO TELL ME THAT WAS
A TOUCHING LITTLE
SCENE DOWN THERE!

BUT **ONE** OF THOSE
STALWART TROUPERS
DOWN BELOW IS A
MURDERER JUST
THE SAME--

--AND I THINK
I'M STARTING
TO STRIP
THE **MASK**
AWAY!



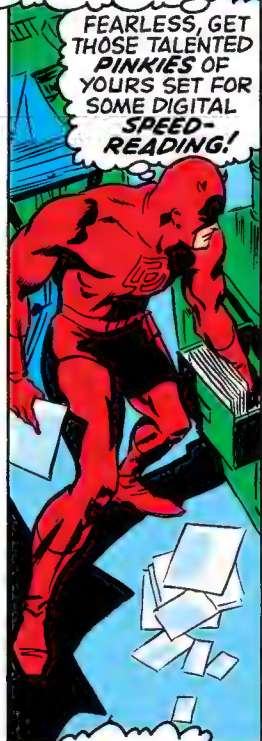
STILL, I CAN'T BE *SURE*...
NOT TILL I DO SOME
UNAUTHORIZED *POKING*
AROUND BACKSTAGE!

AND, WHAT
BETTER TIME
TO DO IT
THAN *RIGHT*
NOW?

THIS IS *LESTER*
LEROY'S DOMAIN--
SINCE HE DOUBLES
AS *PROP MAN* FOR
"*STRANGE SECRETS*"!

THE STORY GOES
THAT HE LIKES TO
HANDLE *ALL*
TECHNICAL ASPECTS
OF THE SHOW...
ESPECIALLY THINGS
MECHANICAL!

IF SO, THEN I MAY HAVE
AN *INKLING* OF WHAT HE
WAS SHOWING *KAREN* A
FEW MINUTES BACK!



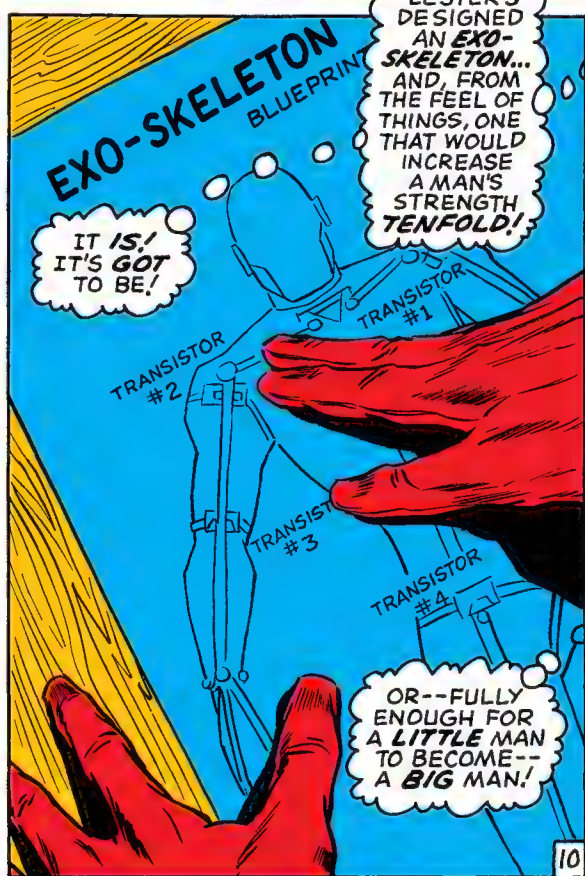
FEARLESS, GET
THOSE TALENTED
PINKIES OF
YOURS SET FOR
SOME DIGITAL
SPEED-
READING!



SEVERAL MINUTES AND SOME *SUPER-*
EFFICIENT SEARCHING LATER...

JACKPOT TIME!
THIS FEELS LIKE--
BLUEPRINT
PAPER!

IT'S A *LONG SHOT*,
BUT IF THIS IS THE
PIECE OF PAPER I'M
LOOKING FOR--



IT *IS*!
IT'S *GOT*
TO BE!

LESTER'S
DESIGNED
AN *EXO-*
SKELETON...
AND, FROM
THE FEEL OF
THINGS, ONE
THAT WOULD
INCREASE
A MAN'S
STRENGTH
TENFOLD!

OR--FULLY
ENOUGH FOR
A *LITTLE* MAN
TO BECOME--
A *BIG* MAN!



THIS EXTRA-THICK RUBBERIZED SUIT WOULD ANSWER A QUESTION OR TWO, AS WELL!

NAMELY, WHY DIDN'T I HEAR A **HEARTBEAT** WHEN I FOUGHT "**BROTHER BRIMSTONE**"?



NOW, MY **NEXT** STEP IS TO--

COOL IT, DD! SOMEBODY **BEHIND** YOU--!



JUST LIKE **BEFORE**--I CAN'T HEAR ANY **HEART-BEAT!**

IT MUST BE--

SURPRISED TO **SEE** ME, MASKED MAN?



WELL, YOU **WON'T** SEE ME--NOT **EVER AGAIN!**

AND YOU, DEAR FRIEND, ARE **SCARCELY** A GORILLA!

THIS BLOW WOULD STUN AN **ELEPHANT**--OR CRIPPLE A **GORILLA!**



AAARRHHH!

WHOW!

AND THEN--FOR A TIME--ALL IS DARK IN THE CANYONS OF MATT MURDOCK'S MIND--!

BUT, IF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR CAN UNDERESTIMATE A DANGEROUS FOE--SO CAN THE MAN CALLED **BRIMSTONE!** THUS, SOME TIME LATER--



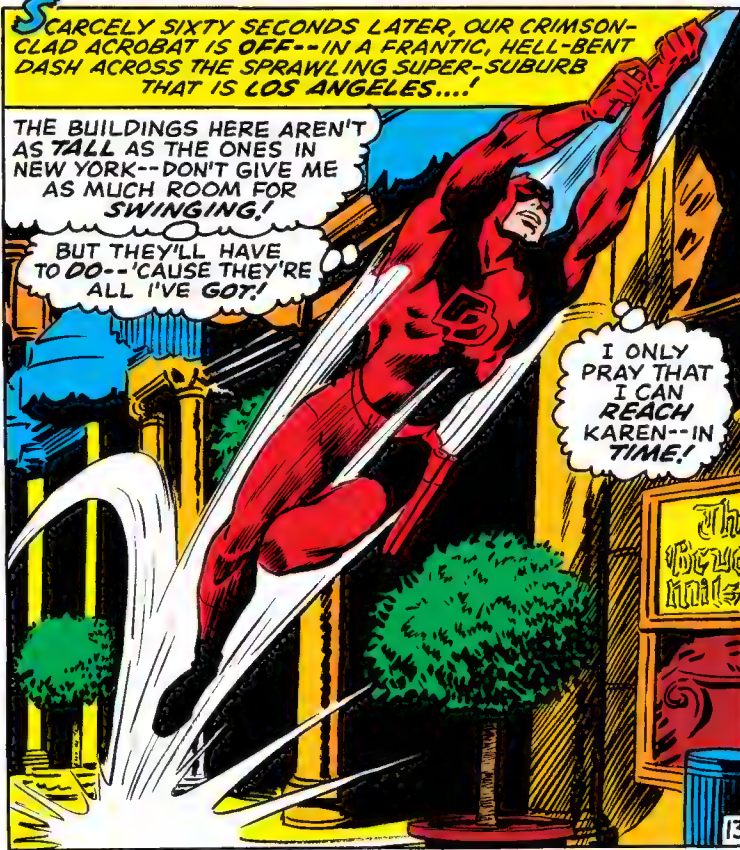
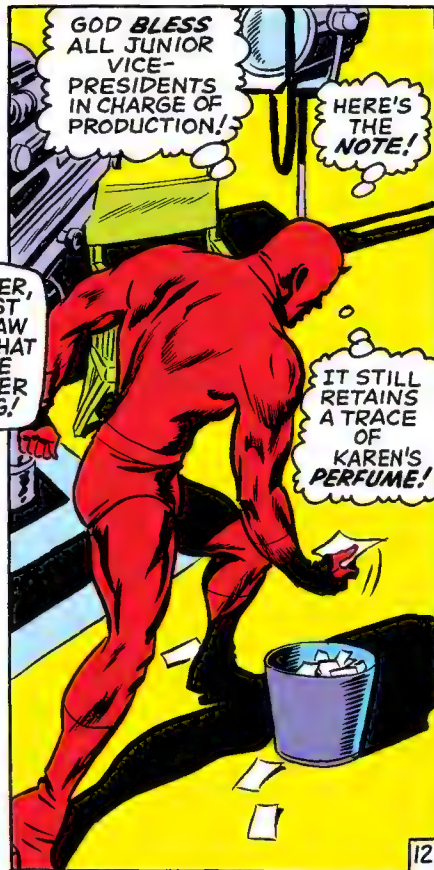
HUH? WHO IN BLAZES ARE YOU?

AND--WHAT WERE YOU DOING IN THE **PROP ROOM?**

ONE QUESTION--AT A TIME, FRIEND!

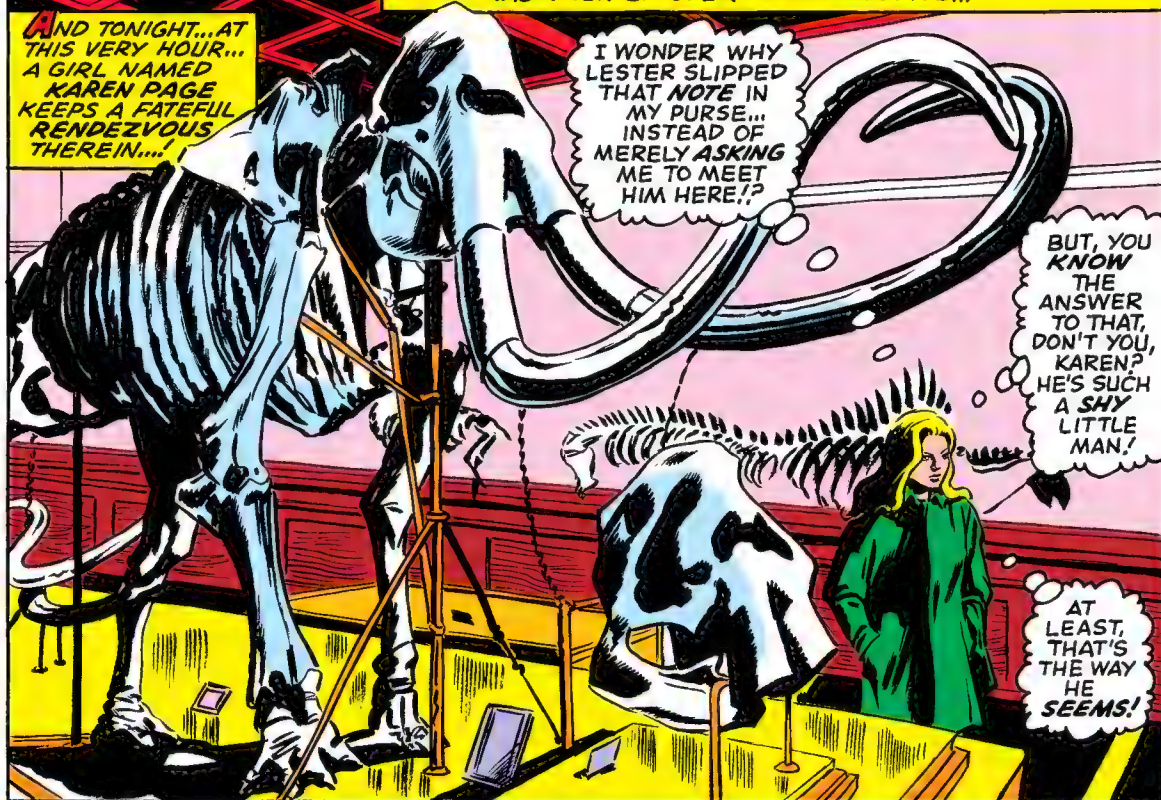
THEY CALL ME **DAREDEVIL**--AMONG OTHER THINGS!

AS FOR WHAT I WAS DOING IN THE **PROP ROOM**--I WAS LYING FLAT ON MY **STUPID BACK!**



UNTOLD AGES AGO, LUMBERING MAMMOTHS AND SNARLING SABRE-TOOTHES ROAMED THE TRACKLESS WILDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA... SOME OF THEM BECOMING ENTRAPPED AND SINKING TO THEIR DEATHS IN TREACHEROUS TAR PITS THERE! TODAY, A MODERN MUSEUM HAS RISEN UP OVER THOSE TAR PITS...

AND TONIGHT... AT THIS VERY HOUR... A GIRL NAMED KAREN PAGE KEEPS A FATEFUL RENDEZVOUS THEREIN....



I WONDER WHY LESTER SLIPPED THAT NOTE IN MY PURSE... INSTEAD OF MERELY ASKING ME TO MEET HIM HERE!?

BUT, YOU **KNOW** THE ANSWER TO THAT, DON'T YOU, KAREN? HE'S SUCH A **SHY** LITTLE MAN!

AT LEAST, THAT'S THE WAY HE **SEEMS!**



WELL, SHY OR **NOT**, TWO HOURS IS **LONG ENOUGH** TO WAIT!

THE MUSEUM'S **EMPTY** NOW... AND IT'S **CLOSING TIME!**

I'D BETTER **LEAVE**, BEFORE THEY LOCK THE DOORS AND LEAVE ME...



...IN THE **DARK!**



THE **LIGHTS** WENT OUT... WITHOUT EVEN A WARNING FROM A **GUARD!**

IF THIS IS SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A **JOKE**, I'M **NOT LAUGHING!**

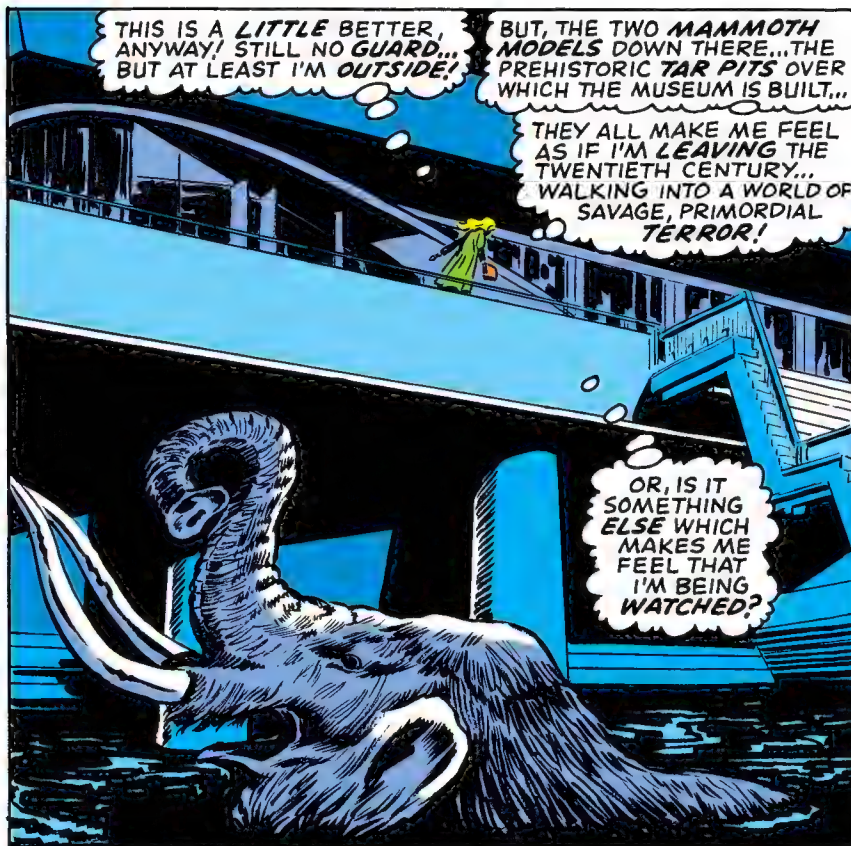
...ESPECIALLY WHILE A **MURDERING MADMAN** IS RUNNING AROUND **L.A.!**



THE FRONT
ENTRANCE IS--
LOCKED!

AND--
THERE'S STILL
NOT A **GUARD**
IN SIGHT!

MAYBE I'LL
HAVE BETTER
LUCK AT THE
BACK OF
THE MUSEUM!

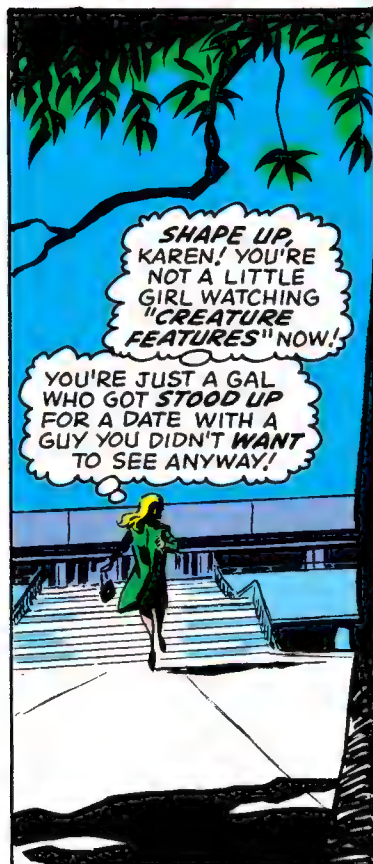


THIS IS A **LITTLE** BETTER,
ANYWAY! STILL NO **GUARD**...
BUT AT LEAST I'M **OUTSIDE!**

BUT, THE TWO **MAMMOTH**
MODELS DOWN THERE...THE
PREHISTORIC **TAR PITS** OVER
WHICH THE MUSEUM IS BUILT...

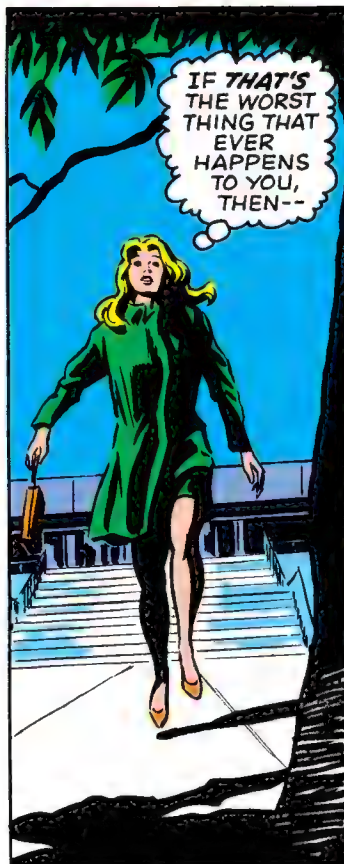
THEY ALL MAKE ME FEEL
AS IF I'M **LEAVING** THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY...
WALKING INTO A WORLD OF
SAVAGE, PRIMORDIAL
TERROR!

OR, IS IT
SOMETHING
ELSE WHICH
MAKES ME
FEEL THAT
I'M BEING
WATCHED?



SHAPE UP,
KAREN! YOU'RE
NOT A LITTLE
GIRL WATCHING
"CREATURE
FEATURES" NOW!

YOU'RE JUST A GAL
WHO GOT **STOOD UP**
FOR A DATE WITH A
GUY YOU DIDN'T **WANT**
TO SEE ANYWAY!



IF **THAT'S**
THE WORST
THING THAT
EVER
HAPPENS
TO YOU,
THEN--



OUT FOR A
STROLL,
KAREN PAGE?

I HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND
IF
BROTHER
BRIMSTONE
TAGS
ALONG!!



WHAT'S *THIS*?
YOU
SEEM TO
HAVE
FAINTED!

A *PITY*... FOR
THAT MEANS
YOU SHALL
MISS THE
FINAL ACT OF
OUR MACABRE
LITTLE MELO-
DRAMA!



IN A WAY,
YOUR FATE
IS TO BE
ENVIED,
MY DEAR!

HOW *MANY*
HUMAN BEINGS
CAN MEET
THEIR MAKER
BENEATH
LAYERS OF
BLACK, CLING-
ING TAR...

...SECURE IN
THE KNOW-
LEDGE THAT
ANOTHER
CIVILIZA-
TION MAY
FIND THEIR
REMAINS...
A *MILLION*
YEARS?
HENCE?



NOT
EVERY
HUMAN
BEING
WANTS
TO,
BRIMMY!

OWAK!



AND NOW
THAT I'VE
GOT YOUR
ATTENTION,
GRUESOME...

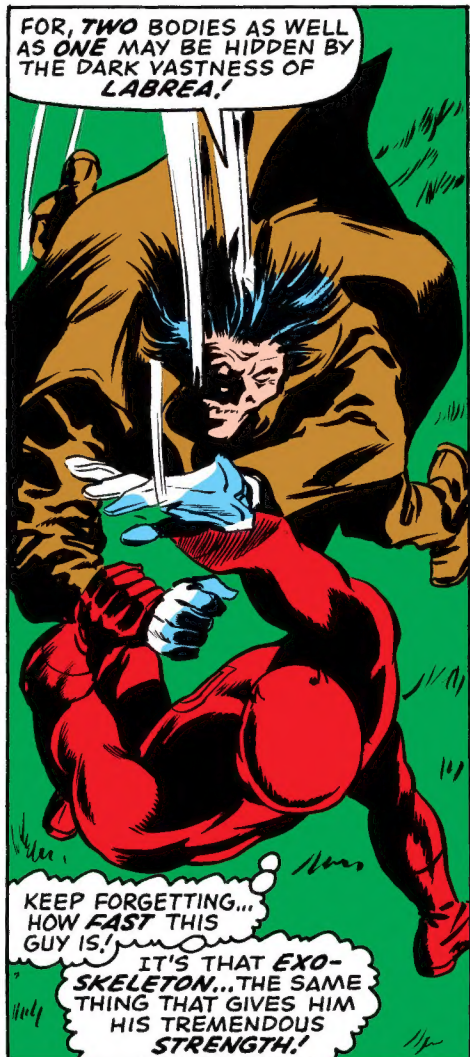
HOW'S ABOUT
SURRENDERING,
AND SAVING US
BOTH A SET OF
BRUISED
KNUCKLES?

DAREDEVIL!

I DIDN'T
EXPECT YOU
TO FIND ME
HERE... BEFORE
I FINISHED MY
WORK!

BUT YOUR
BOLD
BRAGGADOCIO
WILL NET
YOU
NOTHING!

FOR, TWO BODIES AS WELL AS ONE MAY BE HIDDEN BY THE DARK YASTNESS OF LABREA!



KEEP FORGETTING... HOW FAST THIS GUY IS!

IT'S THAT EXO-SKELETON... THE SAME THING THAT GIVES HIM HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH!

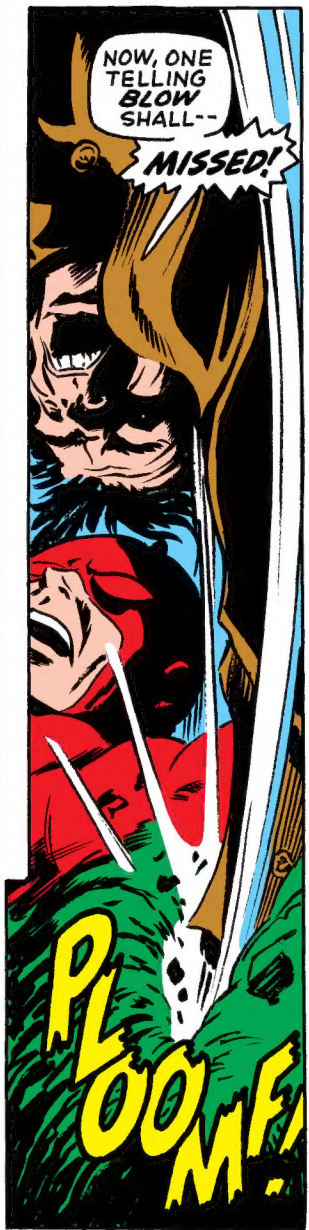
NOTHING TO SAY, FOOL?

OR HAVE YOU PERHAPS REALIZED THAT THE HUNTER... HAS JUST BECOME THE HUNTED?



NOW, ONE TELLING BLOW SHALL--

MISSED!



PL OOMF!

WOOM!



I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A GREEN THUMB, BRIMSTONE!

BUT, IT'S SEEDS YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO PLANT... NOT YOUR WHOLE FURSH-LUGGINER FIST!

AND NOW, WHILE YOU DIGEST THAT LITTLE TIDBIT OF WISDOM...



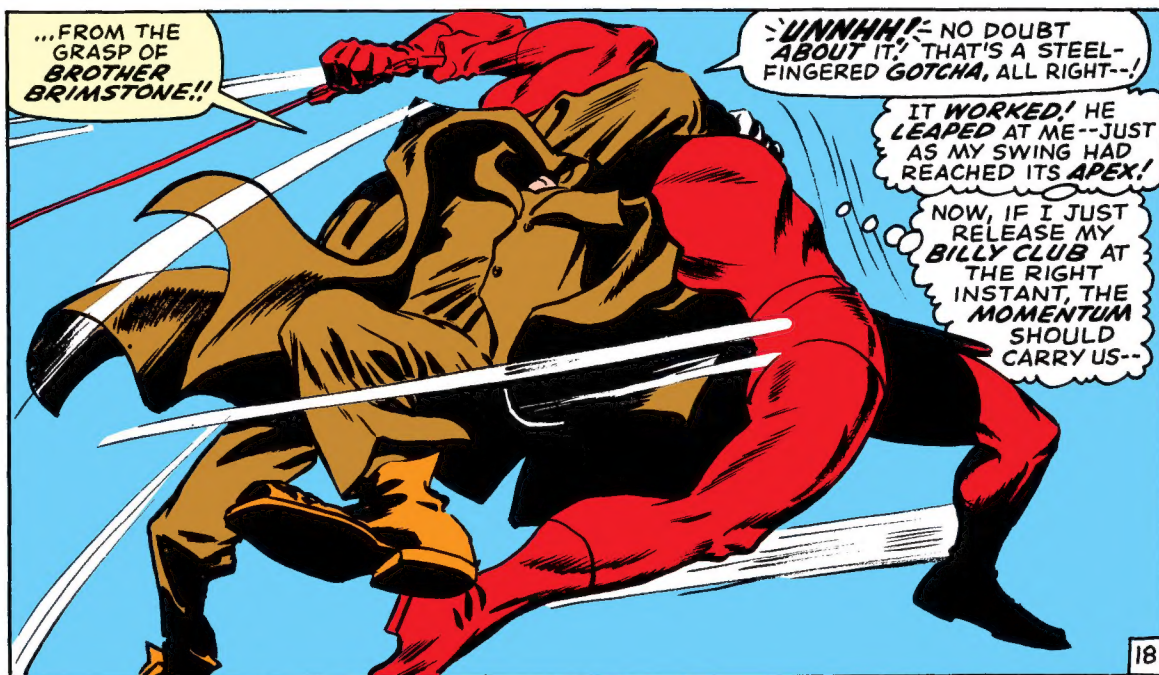
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HERE'S A LITTLE STUNT I LEARNED FROM MY OLD BUDDY KA-ZAR!

AND MAN, COULD I USE THAT BUCK-TOOTHED PUSSYCAT OF HIS RIGHT NOW!

IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN *THAT* TO SAVE YOU, YOU OVER-RATED CLOWN...



...FROM THE GRASP OF BROTHER BRIMSTONE!!

UNNNH! NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, THAT'S A STEEL-FINGERED GOTCHA, ALL RIGHT--!

IT WORKED! HE LEAPED AT ME--JUST AS MY SWING HAD REACHED ITS APEX!

NOW, IF I JUST RELEASE MY BILLY CLUB AT THE RIGHT INSTANT, THE MOMENTUM SHOULD CARRY US--



--INTO THE
TAR PITS!!

SPLASH



AN *INGENIOUS* STRATEGEM,
MASKED MAN--BUT *USELESS*
AGAINST MY SUPERIOR
STRENGTH!

FOR, I HAVE
LANDED ON
TOP--AND SO
YOU MUST
GO TO THE
BOTTOM!

HE'S FORCING MY
HEAD *DOWN*--DOWN
TOWARD THE *TAR*
THAT LIES BENEATH
THE SURFACE OF
THE WATER!

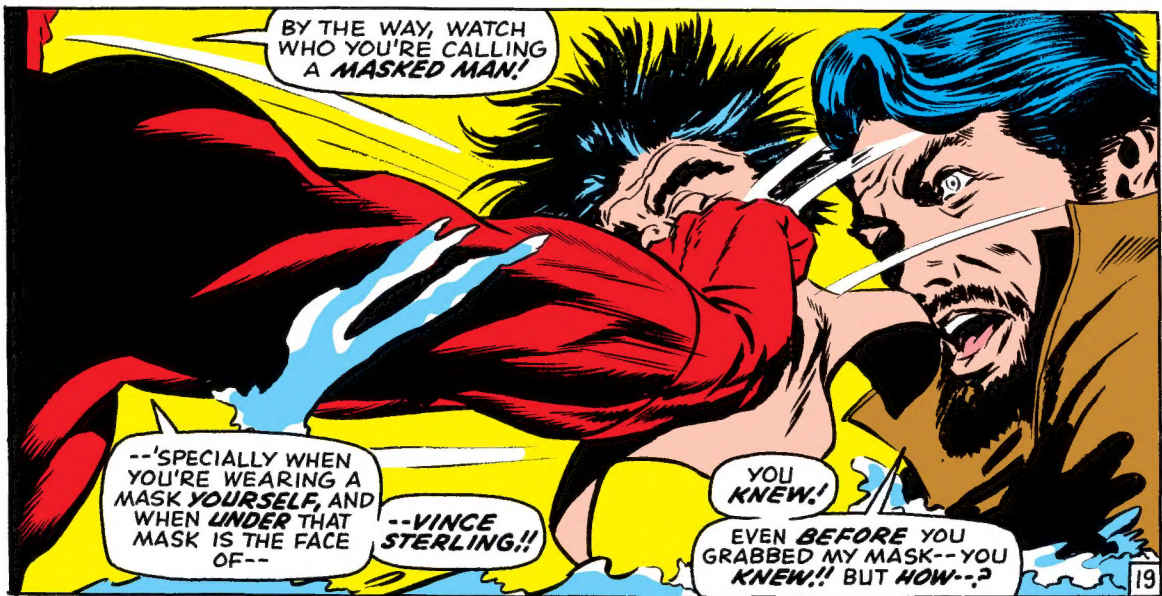
IF HE DOES--I'LL
SINK INTO IT--AND
DIE LIKE THOSE
ANCIENT *BEASTS*!

MY ONLY ADVANTAGE
--IS MY *AGILITY*--
AND IF I'M EVER
GONNA *USE* IT--



IT'S GOT
TO BE
NOW!

WRP



BY THE WAY, WATCH
WHO YOU'RE CALLING
A *MASKED MAN*!

--SPECIALLY WHEN
YOU'RE WEARING A
MASK *YOURSELF*, AND
WHEN *UNDER* THAT
MASK IS THE FACE
OF--

--VINCE
STERLING!!

YOU
KNEW!

EVEN *BEFORE* YOU
GRABBED MY MASK--YOU
KNEW!! BUT *HOW*--?

